

128 East 12th St.,  
New York, May 30, 1872.

My Dear Garrison,

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Mary Anne fails from day to day, and such are her sufferings that she prays continually for death, and those who have the care of her earnestly wish the prayer might be speedily, nay, instantly, answered. To-day resort has been had to palliatives—not to opium in any of its forms, but to a milder agent. We think the pain has been thereby somewhat abated. The digestive organs, once so feeble, are now strong, all disease being concentrated in the kidneys, so that she takes considerable food, and thus keeps up her strength. And yet we can see that she grows weaker, and Dr. Dunham thinks the struggle must end before many days. You must, therefore, not be surprised if you are soon summoned hither. It is so painful to



witness her sufferings that I cannot wish her to live even one hour longer, though the event will wring my heart, come when it may. I try to keep my mind composed, and to discharge all my duties, but I cannot help feeling somewhat depressed. I am not dis-quieted, and yet not free from anxiety respecting the yearly meeting, as our friends tell me they know not where to turn for one to take my place. I am sure that Providence watches over me and them, and all that concerns us, and that help will come if it should be needed.

One thing, my dear Garrison, I wish you would do in any event, before the meeting, viz: Write a very brief obituary of our dear friend, Samuel J. May, who attended our yearly meeting on two occasions, and ever manifested a lively interest in its proceedings, frequently writing letters that were read and printed. Of course we cannot give a history of



his life, but only a warm tribute to his  
character. If I could lay my hand on  
the pamphlet printed soon after his  
death, I could do it myself; but ~~it~~<sup>that</sup> is  
laid away in the ~~to~~ garret, I know not  
where. If you can write this obituary  
and send it to me in advance, I shall  
feel very grateful.

With warm love for Helen and  
all your family, I am, my dear Garri-  
son,

Your afflicted friend,

Olive Johnson.

